

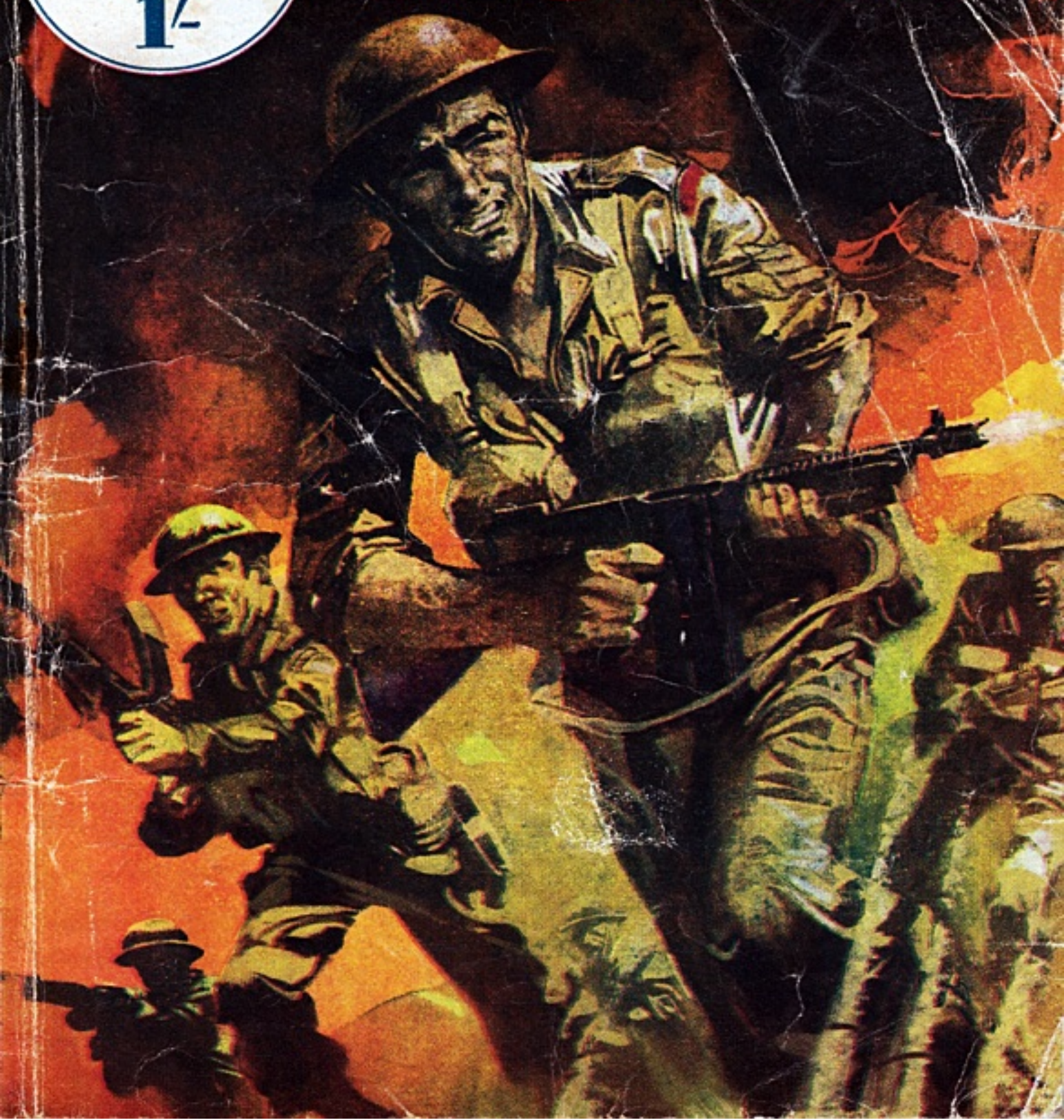
A  
FLEETWAY  
LIBRARY

**WAR**  
**PICTURE**  
**LIBRARY**

№ 210

1/-

# TO THE VICTOR







# SEND ONE 1<sup>-</sup> STAMP

## You get back

# 116

## DIFFERENT STAMPS *PLUS*

Just look at this exciting offer! You get giant collection of 116 all different genuine stamps. Here are some highlights: TOGO-set of 2 Yuri Gagarin Spaceman; CHAD-4 exotic animal triangles; POLYNESIA-2 South Sea beauty queens; ALBANIA-set of 4 old imperforate "Double Eagles". MONACO-giant Lourdes diamond shape. (So far every stamp is in brilliant mint condition).

Also: MALDIVES-U.N. Anniv.; new African country of RWANDI-Independence stamp with map (also mint). JAPAN-New Year. This splendid collection includes triangles, diamonds, imperfs, hard-to-get countries and many fascinating and unusual stamps and sets from all over the world. Grand total 116 all different genuine stamps.

**FREE IF YOU ORDER NOW, 42 STAMP SIZE PORTRAITS OF KINGS OF ENGLAND SINCE WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.**

*This fabulous showpiece cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price!*

**ALL YOURS FOR JUST 1/-**

**IN UNUSED STAMPS (OR POSTAL ORDER) TO INTRODUCE FAMOUS BARGAIN APPROVALS.**

Approvals are stamps sent for inspection and purchase. They are the easiest and most interesting way to build a collection at a low cost—and enjoy stamp collecting. But please tell your parents you are answering this advertisement.

**42** STAMP SIZE PORTRAITS OF THE **Kings & Queens of England**



**ASK FOR  
LOT P25**

**BROADWAY APPROVALS,**

**50, DENMARK HILL,  
LONDON S.E.5.**

**POST  
COUPON  
TODAY**

**P25**

I enclose 1/-. Rush me the 116 different stamps plus the 42 Portraits. Send a selection of bargain approvals for free examination.

**NAME.....**

**ADDRESS.....**

*Please print carefully,*

Please tell your parents you are answering this advertisement

# TO THE VICTOR

IT HAS BEEN TRULY STATED THAT NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS ARE THE BACKBONE OF AN ARMY. THEY ARE THE VITAL LINK BETWEEN COMMAND AND THE RANK AND FILE. THIS IS THE STORY OF THREE SERGEANTS--BIG, TOUGH JOE GORMAN; QUICK-THINKING COCKNEY "BADGER" BARCROFT; AND ARISTOCRATIC "TOFF" STACPOOLE.





# Chapter 1. *The Rivals*

THE BANE OF ALL N.C.O.s IS ALWAYS THE COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR. IN C.S.M. "PORKY" PARKER, "A" COMPANY OF THE 2ND PORTLAND REGIMENT HAD A HOLY TERROR! IN THE PERIOD BEFORE D-DAY HE WAS IN BLISTERING FORM.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS! I COULD GET A BETTER LOT OFF A RUBBISH DUMP! IF YOU DON'T SMARTEN YOUR MEN UP I'LL HAVE EVERY MAN-JACK OF YOU ON A FIZZER!



PORKY PULLED A TYPEWRITTEN SLIP OF PAPER FROM HIS POCKET...

NOW I'VE A CHIT 'ERE FROM BRIGADE. THERE'S A VACANCY FOR A SERGEANT TO GO ON A MINE DISPOSAL COURSE AT ALDERSHOT. ANY VOLUNTEERS?

WHO DOES HE TAKE US FOR?

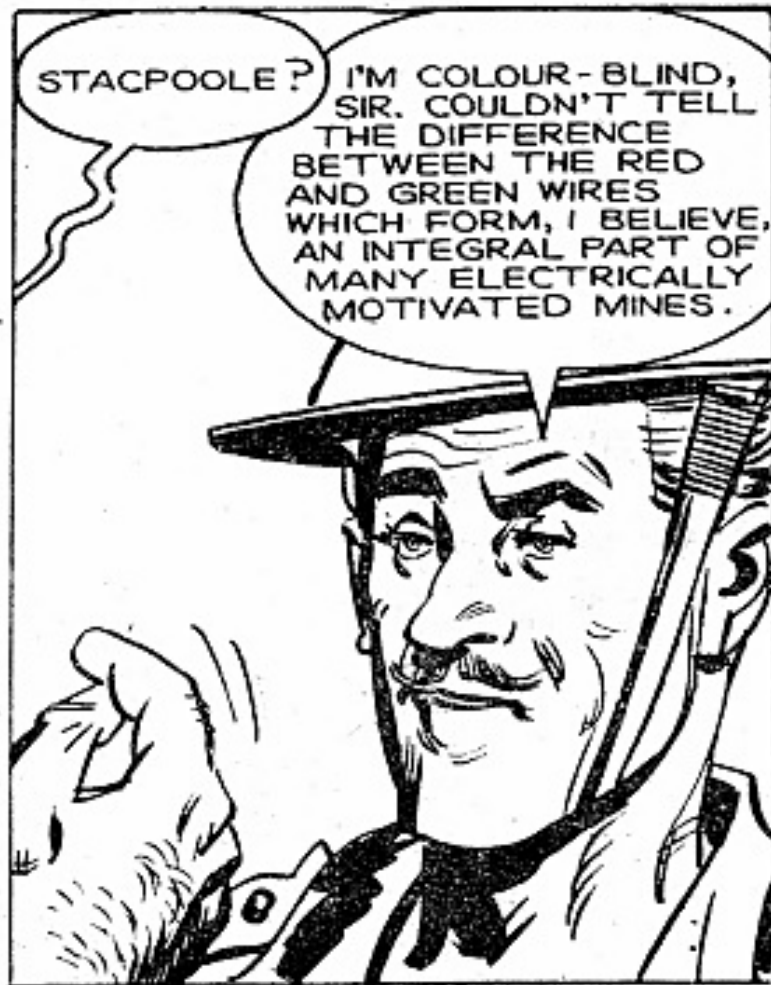
MINE DISPOSAL? DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT!

'E'S GOT A PERISHIN' HOPE!





BUT THE THREE SERGEANTS WERE REGULARS, AND THE GOLDEN RULE AMONG OLD SWEATS IS NEVER TO VOLUNTEER FOR ANYTHING!





BUT IN THE END, WHEN THE N.C.O.'S WERE DISMISSED, SERGEANT COPLEY, YOUNG AND NEWLY PROMOTED, PUT HIS NAME DOWN. THE OTHERS SNEERED DISDAINFULLY.

THE YOUNG CLOT!

MUST BE 'OPING TO GET A MEDAL!

THEY CAN KEEP THEIR MEDALS. AFTER ALL, WHAT ARE THEY? MERE BADGES FOR THE SHOW-OFFS AND THE STUPID!



AT LAST CAME D-DAY, AND FROM THEN ON THE 2ND PORTLANDS, A CRACK BATTALION, WERE IN THE THICK OF EVERYTHING. EVEN IN ACTION, C.S.M. PARKER WAS IN GREAT VOICE.

SERGEANT GORMAN, GET YOUR PLATOON FORWARD TO THE ROAD! WHADDYER THINK THIS IS? A REGIMENTAL REUNION?

LUMME, I'D GIVE A JERRY A MONTH'S PAY TO SHUT OLD PORKY'S MOUTH!



ME, TOO! A SEVERE WOUND-- NOTHING FATAL-- BUT VERY, VERY PAINFUL!



IT WAS WEEKS LATER, WHEN THE BATTALION WERE IN RESERVE AT TILLY-BOCAGE, THAT PRIVATE OSWALD TUTTLE, COMPANY RUNNER, BROUGHT GREAT TIDINGS.

HELLO, HERE COMES OUR OSWALD. HE LOOKS RATHER EXCITED!

MORE 'OT NEWS FROM THE 'ORSE'S MOUTH, I EXPECT!

ANOTHER OF HIS ORDERLY-ROOM RUMOURS: YOU SEE!



THERE WAS A BRIGHT GLEAM IN TUTTLE'S EYES AS HE SIDLED UP TO THEM, AND WHISPERED EXCITEDLY.

HE'S GOING! PORKY'S GOING... LEAVING THE BATTALION! COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR PARKER, I MEAN.



GOING? WHAT D'YOU MEAN? GOING WHERE?

HE'S BEING TRANSFERRED TO THE WEST KENTS. I'VE JUST SEEN THE PAPERS. HE'S TO HOLD HIMSELF IN READINESS TO LEAVE AT ANY TIME.





SUDDENLY, AN OMINOUS WHINE SWELLED IN VOLUME AND THE FOUR MEN HASTILY DIVED FOR THE SHELTER OF A NEARBY DITCH. WHEN THE SHELL RIPPED THE FARMHOUSE IN HALF, THE THREE SERGEANTS HARDLY NOTICED IT.



PORKY GOING?

CAME THE DAWN!

AND THEY SAY THERE AIN'T NO FATHER CHRISTMAS!

THEN ANOTHER THOUGHT STRUCK ALL THREE OF THEM ~ TOGETHER!

WHO'S GOING TO GET PORKY'S JOB?

YES, 'OO'S GOIN' TO BE THE NEW C.S.M.?

QUITE OBVIOUSLY IT'LL BE ONE OF US THREE. JUST AS OBVIOUSLY I'LL BE THE ONE CAPTAIN ADAMSON WILL RECOMMEND. THE OLD MAN'S ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD PICKER!

YOU AS C.S.M.?  
PERISH THE THOUGHT! NO, MATE, I'M THE BLOKE WITH THE INITIATIVE. IT'S IN THE BAG!

YOU CAN STOP ARGUING. I'M SERGEANT OF THE CRACK PLATOON, AIN'T I? ME BEING THE BEST PLATOON SERGEANT IN THE MOB, CAPTAIN ADAMSON WON'T LOOK ANY FURTHER.



TWO NIGHTS LATER, THE PORTLANDS RELIEVED THE 'JOCKS' IN THE SUBURBS OF CAEN. THE FOLLOWING MORNING COLONEL ANSELL CAME UP TO NO.1 PLATOON'S POSITION WITH HIS USUAL AGGRESSIVE IDEAS FOR IMPROVING THE POSITION.

WE NEED THAT HILLOCK TO GET BETTER OBSERVATION, ADAMSON. APPARENTLY, IT IS ONLY LIGHTLY HELD. ONE OF YOUR PLATOONS COULD RUSH IT JUST BEFORE THE MOON RISES.

RIGHT, SIR~~~  
I'LL LAY IT ON!



BADGER HAD NOT MISSED A WORD OF THAT CONVERSATION AND WAS QUICK TO SEE THE POSSIBILITY OF ADVANCEMENT IT OFFERED. HE APPROACHED CAPTAIN ADAMSON...

ABOUT THAT 'ILLOCK, SIR~~~  
NUMBER ONE PLATOON COULD DO THAT LITTLE JOB. MY LADS ARE DEAD KEEN. WE'VE GOT NO OFFICER, BUT I COULD 'ANDLE IT.

WELL, I DON'T BELIEVE IN HOLDING BACK A GOOD VOLUNTEER, SERGEANT. CERTAINLY YOU CAN GO!



TOFF STACPOOLE AND JOE GORMAN SPOTTED BADGER COMING AWAY FROM HIS CHAT WITH THE COMPANY COMMANDER. THEY WAYLAID HIM...

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON?

I'VE GOT TO TAKE MY PLATOON OUT ON A LITTLE STUNT TONIGHT, LADS, TO SEIZE THAT 'ILLOCK.





YOU MEAN CAPTAIN  
ADAMSON DETAILED  
YOU AND ONE  
PLATOON FOR IT?

THAT'S  
RIGHT!

DON'T TRY THAT  
STORY ON US, OLD  
BOY. YOU VOLUNTEERED  
FOR IT -- YOU'RE AFTER  
THE C.S.M.'S JOB,  
AREN'T YOU?

THE TWO HARDBITTEN SERGEANTS  
WERE ASTOUNDED. THEY STARED  
AT BADGER AS THOUGH HE WERE A  
TRAITOR.

YOU CRAFTY, SNEAKING,  
LITTLE RAT! CRAWLING  
TO GET THAT CROWN  
SEWN ON YOUR  
SLEEVE!

A DEATH-  
OR-GLORY  
BOY, NO  
LESS!

YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS  
BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T THINK  
OF IT YOURSELVES. ANYWAY,  
I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR  
LIF. INSULTING REMARKS  
WILL BE REMEMBERED  
WHEN I'M C.S.M.!

THE MEN IN NO.1 PLATOON  
DID NOT ESPECIALLY  
APPROVE OF BADGER'S  
GESTURE EITHER.

JUST BECAUSE  
'E WANTS TO  
BE A BLOOMIN'  
'ERO, WE GET  
LUMBERED WITH  
THIS JOB!

'MY PLATOON WILL  
DO IT, SIR. THEY'LL  
BE GLAD AND  
PROUD TO GO!  
THAT'S WHAT HE  
SAID, SO HELP ME!

LET HIM EARN  
HIS OWN UNDYING  
FAME WITHOUT  
DRAGGING US INTO IT

THAT NIGHT, JUST AS BADGER WAS LEADING HIS PLATOON OUT, PRIVATE TUTTLE APPEARED, BURSTING WITH NEWS. BUT THE SERGEANT WAS IN NO MOOD TO LISTEN TO BATTALION GOSSIP.

GO AWAY,  
YOU 'ORRIBLE  
LITTLE MAN! CAN'T  
YOU SEE THERE'S  
A WAR ON?

... BUT, SARGE, THIS  
IS INTERESTING!



SERGEANT BARCROFT'S PLATOON NEEDED NO PEP TALK. THEY WOULD MOAN, BUT HE KNEW THEY WOULD DO THE JOB, COME WHAT MAY.

IF WE GET THAT 'ILL OUR CHANCES  
ARE GOOD, BUT IF WE DON'T GET IT  
THEN WE'VE 'AD IT! THE BRIGADE  
MORTARS ARE GIVING A LAST MINUTE  
CONCENTRATED STONK. THEN IN WE  
GO -- AND THE BEST OF  
BRITISH LUCK!





SILENTLY, THE PLATOON SNAKED ACROSS THE WIDTH OF NO MAN'S LAND, ALWAYS HEADING TOWARDS THEIR HILL OBJECTIVE. THEN THERE CAME THE SCUFF OF MOVEMENT AND A GUTTURAL GERMAN CHALLENGE ...



A GERMAN SENTRY EDGED CAUTIOUSLY WITHIN TWO YARDS OF BADGER, LISTENING NERVOUSLY. THE SERGEANT LET HIM PASS -- THEN ROSE LIKE A GHOST AND STRUCK ONCE ...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE NIGHT AIR WAS FULL OF THE PLAINTIVE WHISTLE OF MORTAR SHELLS, ARCHING TOWARDS THE GERMAN TRENCHES ON THE HILLTOP. AS THEY EXPLODED, THE WAITING PLATOON RUSHED UP THE SLOPE ...



THE MORTAR STONK DIED WITH ONE LAST ROLLING THUNDERCLAP AND SPANDAUS AND RIFLES STUTTERED BRIEFLY. THEN NO. 1 PLATOON WERE IN THE NAZI POSITIONS, SHOOTING AND GRENADING.





SURPRISE WAS ON THE PLATOON'S SIDE AND THEY SWIFTLY STORMED THROUGH THE ENEMY OUTPOSTS. BADGER WAS IN THE FOREFRONT OF THAT HEADLONG CHARGE ...



IT WAS ALL OVER IN A FEW SAVAGE, CHAOTIC MINUTES. THE HILLOCK WAS IN BRITISH HANDS.

SEND BACK A SIGNAL TO COMPANY HEADQUARTERS ~  
'FROM SERGEANT BARCROFT TO O.C. "A" COMPANY: POSITION TAKEN. NOW BEING CONSOLIDATED.



BUT THE SIGNALLER HARDLY GOT ONE WORD OF THE SIGNAL OFF, FOR FROM THE RIGHT FLANK CAME THE DEAFENING RACKET OF A GROUP OF SPANDAUS. A STORM OF BULLETS SCYTHED ACROSS THE NEWLY-WON TRENCHES.



THE GERMANS HAD SO SITED THE STRONGPOINT THAT, WHEN IT WAS TAKEN, IT WAS DOMINATED BY ANOTHER POSITION THAT HAD MACHINE GUNS FIRING ON FIXED LINES ...

WHAT DO WE DO NOW, SARGE? WE CAN'T STAY HERE!

YOU'RE BLOOMIN' RIGHT WE CAN'T, MATE! ONLY ONE THING TO DO -- WE TAKE THAT OTHER 'ILL!



IF WE STAY 'ERE, WE'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD. IF WE RETIRE THROUGH THAT SPANDAU AND MORTAR FIRE WE'LL BE JUST AS DEAD! SO WE'LL GO FORWARD TO THAT OTHER 'ILL -- AND GIVE JERRY THE SURPRISE OF 'IS LIFE!





NO.1 PLATOON DID NOT ARGUE. WITHOUT A WORD, THEY FOLLOWED BADGER DOWN INTO THE DARK HOLLOW BETWEEN THE TWO HILLOCKS. THERE THEY WERE WELL BELOW THE SHEETING STORM OF BULLETS AND HIDDEN FROM VIEW.



SHREWDLY BADGER MOVED OFF TO THE NORTH SO THAT HE COULD ATTACK FROM THAT FLANK. THE GERMANS WERE STILL FIRING AT EMPTY TRENCHES WHEN THE PLATOON CREPT TO WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF THE POSITION.



SURPRISE WAS COMPLETE. THE BRITISH PATROL ROSE SILENTLY FROM THE GROUND AND LEAPT AT THE UNSUSPECTING GERMANS FROM THE FLANK AND REAR.



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, FOUR SPANDAUS HAD BEEN SILENCED. THEN BADGER SOUGHT OUT HIS ONLY SURVIVING SIGNALLER ...

...POSITION TAKEN, ALSO SECOND 'ILL COMMANDING ORIGINAL OBJECTIVE. WILL 'OLD CAPTURED POSITION TILL RELIEVED. TELL 'EM THAT!





AFTER THE REST OF "A" COMPANY HAD MOVED FORWARD TO TAKE THE TWO HILLS AND WERE GETTING READY FOR ANY GERMAN COUNTER-ATTACK, CAPTAIN ADAMSON SOUGHT OUT BADGER...

VERY GOOD WORK, BARCROFT! YOU SHOWED GREAT INITIATIVE AND DASH. I MUST KEEP AN EYE ON YOU IN FUTURE!

THANK YOU, SIR!



WHEN BADGER RAN INTO TOFF AND JOE LATER, HE COULD NOT RESIST THE CHANCE TO MAKE THEM SQUIRM WITH ENVY.

IT'S IN THE BAG, MATES! BUT WHEN I'M SAR' MAJOR I WON'T FORGET ME OLD PALS!

IF EVER THEY MAKE YOU SERGEANT-MAJOR IT'LL DESTROY MY FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE, STRAIGHT UP IT WILL!

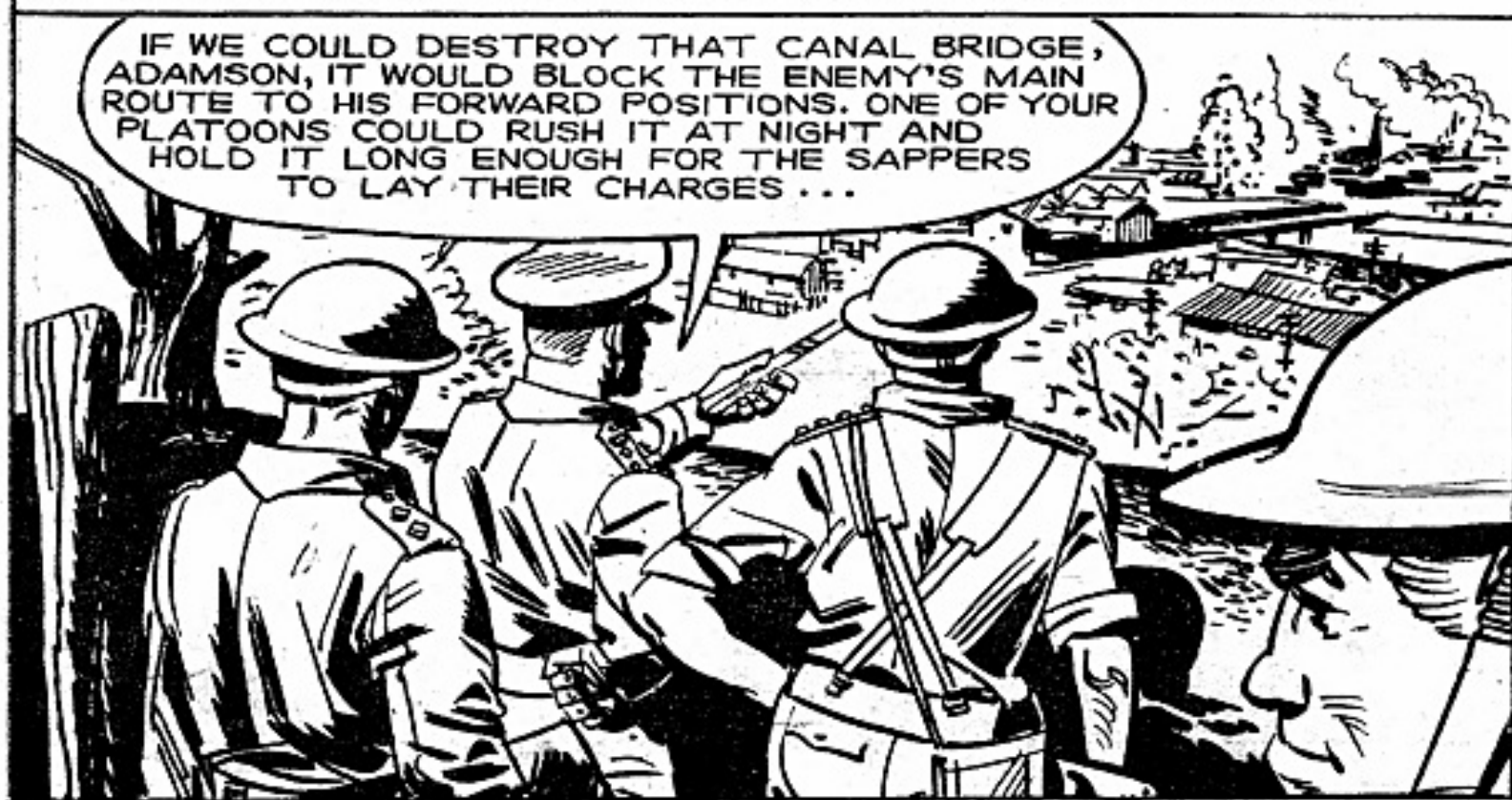
DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR, THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM, BADGER, OLD CHAP.



## Chapter 2. *Duty's Call*

AT NOON, THE C.O. HIMSELF CAME UP TO LOOK OVER THE COMPANY POSITION AND TO DISCUSS FUTURE AGGRESSIVE ACTION ...

IF WE COULD DESTROY THAT CANAL BRIDGE, ADAMSON, IT WOULD BLOCK THE ENEMY'S MAIN ROUTE TO HIS FORWARD POSITIONS. ONE OF YOUR PLATOONS COULD RUSH IT AT NIGHT AND HOLD IT LONG ENOUGH FOR THE SAPPERS TO LAY THEIR CHARGES ...



A FEW YARDS AWAY, SERGEANT JOE GORMAN EDGED A LITTLE CLOSER ...

OH YES, WHILE THEY WERE AT IT THEY MIGHT GRAB A PRISONER OR TWO. BRIGADE NEEDS A FEW FOR INTERROGATION...

AH! THIS IS WHERE I MOVE IN!



THE WHIPLASH CRACK OF A SNIPER'S RIFLE INTERRUPTED THE COLONEL AND A BULLET WHISTLED PAST HIS HEAD.

THIS ISN'T A VERY HEALTHY SPOT, SIR. WE'VE LOST TWO MEN HERE ALREADY THIS MORNING!

HMM! A BIT LATE TELLING ME THAT, ADAMSON.





WHEN THE COLONEL HAD RATHER HASTILY RETIRED FROM THE LINE OF FIRE, JOE GORMAN WAYLAID CAPTAIN ADAMSON.

MY PLATOON SEEMS TO THINK THEY'VE BEEN OVERLOOKED LATELY, SIR. THE LADS ARE JUST RARIN' TO GO ...

IS THAT SO, SERGEANT...?

SURPRISE AND FAINT BEWILDERMENT CROSSED THE CAPTAIN'S FACE ...

THERE SEEMS TO BE A VERY WELCOME SPIRIT OF KEENNESS AND SELF-SACRIFICE IN THE COMPANY THESE DAYS. YES, OF COURSE YOU CAN TAKE NUMBER TWO PLATOON.

THANK YOU, SIR...VERY MUCH!

WHEN HE HEARD THE NEWS, TOFF STACPOOLE WAS FOR A MOMENT SHAKEN OUT OF HIS HABITUAL CALM. HE GAVE A SCORNFUL LAUGH.

WELL, I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D SINK AS LOW AS THIS, OLD BOY. NOT YOU -- A REGULAR WITH THE ARMY IN HIS BLOOD ...

YOU'VE GOT ME WRONG, TOFF. IT'S A SENSE OF DUTY THAT'S DRIVING ME ON -- NOT PERSONAL AMBITION...

MILES  
GRENADE

LIKE THE MEMBERS OF BADGER'S PLATOON, JOE GORMAN'S MEN DID NOT TAKE KINDLY TO THE IDEA OF VOLUNTEERING FOR A DANGEROUS PATROL. BUT JOE FACED THEM BELLIGERENTLY...



IF ANY OF YOU IMITATION SOLDIERS WANT TO BACK OUT, JUST SPEAK UP! I ONLY WANT GOOD MEN ON THIS JOB!

THE SERGEANT KNEW HIS MEN WELL. UNWILLINGNESS TO VOLUNTEER WAS ONE THING, BUT BACKING OUT WAS ANOTHER.

RIGHT! NOW THE IDEA IS THIS. FIRST, WE SILENCE A JERRY POST JUST THIS SIDE OF THE BRIDGE. THEN WE GO FOR THE BRIDGE ITSELF. SURPRISE IS THE THING -- AND DON'T FORGET IT!



LATER, AS JOE HURRIED TO TALK OVER PLANS WITH THE R.E. SERGEANT WHO WAS TO BE IN CHARGE OF THE DEMOLITION SQUAD, HE HEARD PRIVATE TUTTLE'S SHRILL, EXCITED QUAVER...



2ND PORTLAND REGT.  
BATTALION H.Q.

SARGE!  
YOU'RE JUST  
THE MAN  
I WANT TO SEE!  
I'VE HEARD  
SOMETHING...

SAVE IT, TUTTLE!  
I'VE GOT OTHER  
THINGS ON MY  
MIND!



THAT NIGHT, NO.2 PLATOON FILED OUT INTO THE MISTY DARKNESS. CAPTAIN ADAMSON STILL FOUND IT HARD TO CREDIT THAT THEY HAD VOLUNTEERED FOR THE TASK ...

GOOD LUCK, BOYS! DON'T FORGET -- WE NEED AT LEAST ONE PRISONER!

YOU CAN RELY ON US, SIR!

ASTOUNDING! SERGEANT GORMAN REALLY SEEMS EAGER TO GO -- JUST LIKE SERGEANT BARCROFT WAS ...

SERGEANT JOE GORMAN LED HIS MEN STRAIGHT OUT TO THE POSITION HE HAD ALREADY POINTED OUT TO THEM BY DAYLIGHT. A GERMAN MACHINE GUN STAMMERED FITFULLY IN THE DISTANCE, AND OFF TO THE WEST, THEY HEARD THE ROLLING THUNDER OF A CANNONADE.



JOE COULD HEAR SLIGHT MOVEMENT IN THE GERMAN POST, BUT HE COULD SEE NOTHING. WITHOUT A SHOUT OR ANY SOUND SAVE THE CLATTER OF THEIR BOOTS, THE PLATOON MOVED FORWARD ~ ~ FAST.



THEY WERE OVER HALFWAY TO THE BRIDGE BEFORE A YELL OF ALARM CAME FROM A SENTRY. A SPANDAU JUDDERED FEVERISHLY AND RIFLES CRACKLED LIKE A BRUSH FIRE. THEN NO.2 PLATOON WAS THERE, SWEEPING AT AND OVER THE POST.





IT WAS CLOSE-QUARTER WORK--TOO CLOSE FOR SHOOTING. JOE BROUGHT THE HEEL OF HIS TOMMY GUN UP TO THE GERMAN'S CHIN...



THEN, WITH THE SERGEANT IN THE LEAD, THE PLATOON SPRINTED ACROSS THE BRIDGE...



ONCE ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE CANAL THEY FANNED OUT IN A SEMI-CIRCLE COVERING THE BRIDGE APPROACHES. A FLARE SHOT UP AND BURST, THROWING THE SCENE INTO GAUNT RELIEF.

HOPE THOSE PERISHING SAPPERS DON'T TAKE TOO LONG!



A FEW SCATTERED SHOTS AND MACHINE GUN BURSTS CAME FROM THE GERMAN-HELD HOUSES. ALREADY, THE SAPPERS WERE AT WORK ON THE BRIDGE. THEN ANOTHER FLARE BURST AND, IN ITS LIGHT, JOE COULD SEE SHADY FIGURES PROBING TOWARDS THEM.

HERE THEY COME!  
WAIT FOR IT! HOLD  
YOUR FIRE ...





WHEN JOE GAVE THE WORD, THE PLATOON'S DEVASTATING BURST OF FIRE CUT DOWN THE GERMANS LIKE GRASS. THE FIRST ATTACK, IF IT COULD BE CALLED THAT, MELTED AWAY...



BUT NOW THE PLATOON'S POSITION WAS CLEAR TO THE ENEMY AND A HAIL OF MORTAR BOMBS EXPLODED AMONG NO. 2 PLATOON. THE EXPLOSIONS WERE STILL SHAKING THE NIGHT WHEN A WAVE OF GERMANS SWARMED FORWARD AGAIN.

PLAY IT COOL, LADS!  
THE MORE THAT COME  
THE BETTER THE  
TARGET!



AS THE GERMANS  
WAVERED UNDER THE  
STORM OF LEAD, A  
SHOWER OF MILLS  
GRENADES BURST  
AMONGST THEM.  
EVEN THEN, A FEW  
BRAVE MEN PRESSED  
STUBBORNLY ON, BUT  
BARELY HALF A  
DOZEN REACHED THE  
BRITISH LINE. MOST  
OF THEM WERE SHOT  
DOWN AT ONCE, BUT  
ONE OF THEM  
STUMBLED CLOSE.



BACK ON THE BRIDGE,  
A GREEN FLARE SOARED,  
AND THEN TWO MORE ...

THAT'S THE  
SIGNAL, LADS!  
BACK WE GO!

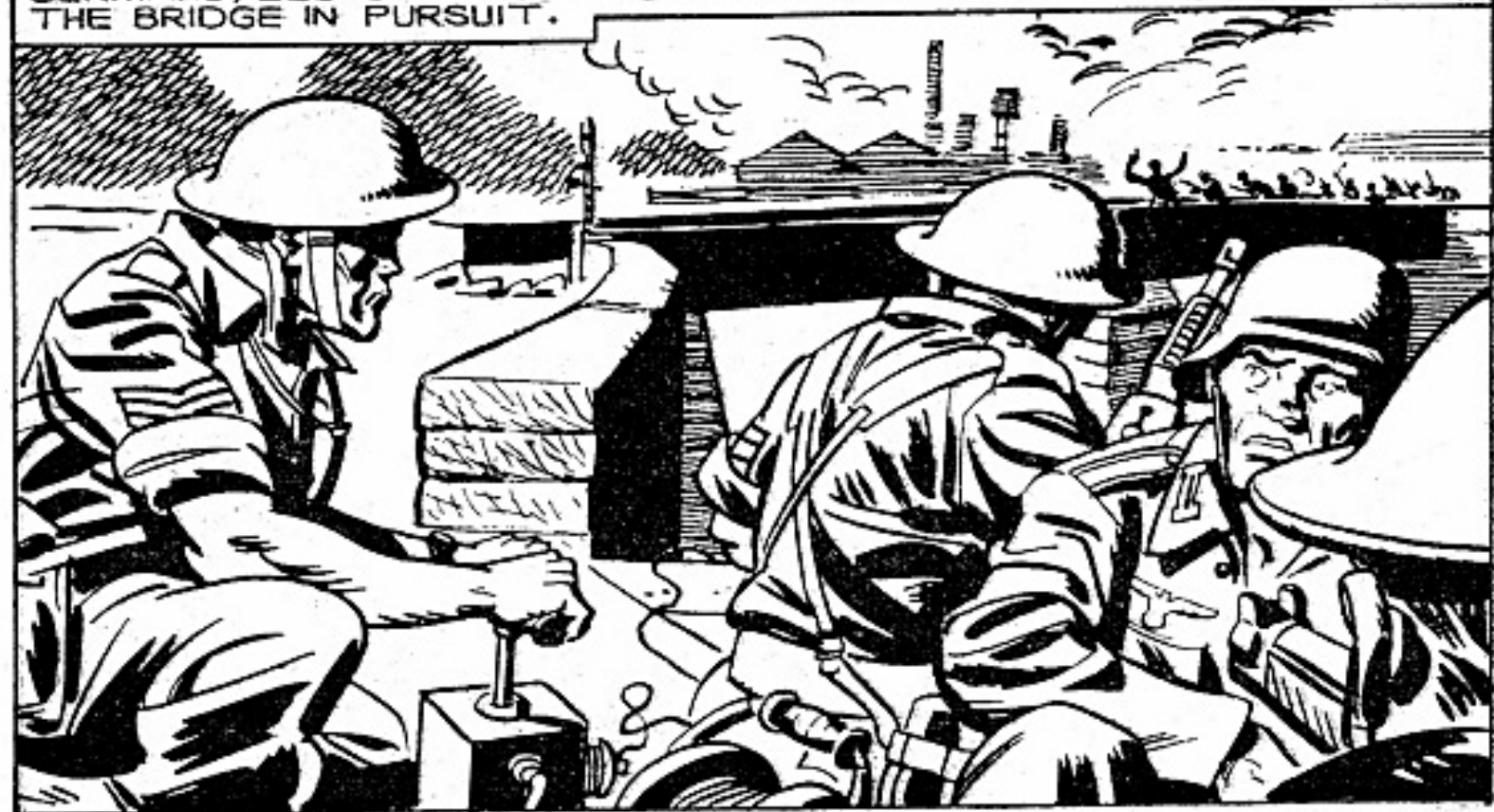




AS THEY RUSHED BACK, JOE HUSTLED HIS PRECIOUS PRISONER IN FRONT OF HIM.



ONCE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE THEY HAD TO DIVE FOR COVER AGAIN AS HEAVY BURSTS OF SPANDAU FIRE SWEEPED THEM FROM THE EASTERN FLANK. AT THE SAME TIME, ANOTHER PARTY OF GERMANS, LED BY A YOUNG LEUTNANT, CAME POUNDING ACROSS THE BRIDGE IN PURSUIT.



THE SAPPER SERGEANT SAW HIS CHANCE AND PRESSED THE PLUNGER. A RENDING EXPLOSION TURNED NIGHT INTO DAY AND THE BRIDGE SEEMED TO BREAK IN HALF AND REAR SKYWARDS, THROWING DEBRIS AND GERMANS HIGH INTO THE AIR ...

NICE  
TIMING,  
EH?





BUT A FEW OF THE GERMANS HAD ALREADY REACHED THE NEAR SIDE OF THE CANAL. AS THEY STARTED TO FAN OUT, JOE GORMAN SWUNG HIS TOMMY GUN AND RASPED OUT AN ORDER...

WATCH MY PRISONER, YOU BLOKES! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!



THE TOMMY GUN JARRED IN JOE'S HANDS, AND ALL THREE GERMANS WENT DOWN.



THE SPANDAU FIRE SLACKENED AND THIS WAS WHAT JOE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR. HE SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET...

C'MON! GET BEHIND THAT WAREHOUSE! WE CAN SORT OURSELVES OUT THEN.



THE WEARY RANK AND FILE OF NO.2 PLATOON JUMPED UP AND RAN FOR THEIR LIVES TOWARDS THE COVER OF THE THICK WALL. AS THEY RAN THE MACHINE GUN BULLETS LASHED AT THEM, HOUNDING THEM.



IT WAS ONLY AFTER THE PLATOON HAD DIVED, PANTING, BEHIND THE WAREHOUSE, THAT JOE REMEMBERED SOMETHING.





THE TWO MEN WHO HAD BEEN IN CHARGE OF THE GERMAN DID NOT ANSWER AT ONCE. THEN "BLANCO" WHITE BLURTED OUT THE GRIM TRUTH...

SORRY, SARGE. HE'S DEAD! HE COPPED A PACKET JUST NOW. HE'S LYING BACK THERE, THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS BUILDING.

IT WASN'T ANY USE BRINGING HIM, SARGE. HE GOT IT IN THE HEAD THE SAME TIME AS POOR OLD GINGER BOWMAN.



DEAD? WE CAN'T GO BACK EMPTY-HANDED! WE'LL HAVE TO GET ANOTHER JERRY, THAT'S ALL--AND I KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND ONE...



JOE GORMAN NEEDED FOUR MEN, THE TOUGHER THE BETTER. THE HARDBITTEN SERGEANT KNEW HOW TO GET THEM!

I WANT FOUR VOLUNTEERS! YOU, WHITE, AND YOU, MACKAY--EVANS AND HOGAN!



THE FOUR PRIVATES STARED AT THEIR SERGEANT IN INDIGNATION.



BUT THINGS DID NOT WORK OUT LIKE THAT, FOR AS THEY SKIRTED THE RUINED BUILDING THEY HEARD THE SCUFFLE OF MOVEMENT AND SAW A GERMAN PATROL MOVING ACROSS THEIR PATH. HIS MOUTH CLOSE TO BLANCO'S EAR JOE WHISPERED ORDERS.





JOE JUDGED THE RIGHT MOMENT, THEN LED THE RUSH. TWO OF THE GERMANS WERE SHOT DOWN EVEN BEFORE THEY REALISED THEY WERE BEING ATTACKED. THE BIG SERGEANT SPRANG AT THE SMALL GERMAN, FELLING HIM WITH A STUNNING BLOW.



WHILE THE OTHERS COVERED HIM, JOE HEAVED THE GERMAN ONTO HIS SHOULDER LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES AND HEADED BACK WITH HIM.

STONE THE CROWS! HE'S HEAVIER THAN HE LOOKS!



BY THE TIME JOE GOT BACK TO THE REST OF THE PLATOON HE WAS FIGHTING FOR BREATH, BUT HE COULD NOT STOP TO REST. BY NOW, THE WHOLE SECTOR WAS AFLAME AND THE VICIOUS WHINE OF BULLETS AND CRASH OF SHELLS SPURRED THE RAIDERS ON ...

KEEP MOVING!



NEXT MORNING, AFTER THE PRISONER HAD BEEN INTERROGATED AT BRIGADE H.Q., IT WAS SERGEANT JOE GORMAN'S TURN TO BE CONGRATULATED BY CAPTAIN ADAMSON.

BRIGADE ARE VERY PLEASED WITH THE OUTCOME OF YOUR LITTLE PARTY LAST NIGHT, GORMAN! THAT PRISONER HAS PROVED VERY HELPFUL. YOU'LL PROBABLY HEAR MORE ABOUT IT.



I HAD A GOOD LOT OF LADS WITH ME, SIR. MOST OF THE CREDIT IS DUE TO THEM.



AFTER THE CAPTAIN HAD GONE, JOE GORMAN CROWED OVER BADGER AND TOFF...

YOU'VE HAD IT, CHUMS! YOU MIGHT AS WELL START CALLING ME 'SIR' JUST TO GET IN PRACTICE, BECAUSE WHEN I'M COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR I SHALL INSIST ON MY RIGHTS AND A WARRANT. OFFICER GETS CALLED 'SIR' -- **AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!**



SERGEANT TOFF STACPOOLE LAUGHED...

AS A MATTER OF FACT, **NEITHER** OF YOU IS GOING TO STEP INTO PORKY'S SHOES. THAT CROWN IS AS GOOD AS SEWN ON **MY** SLEEVE. JUST A MATTER OF TIME. YOU SEE, I'M NOT MAKING THE MISTAKE YOU TWO HAVE MADE.

WHAT MISTAKE?

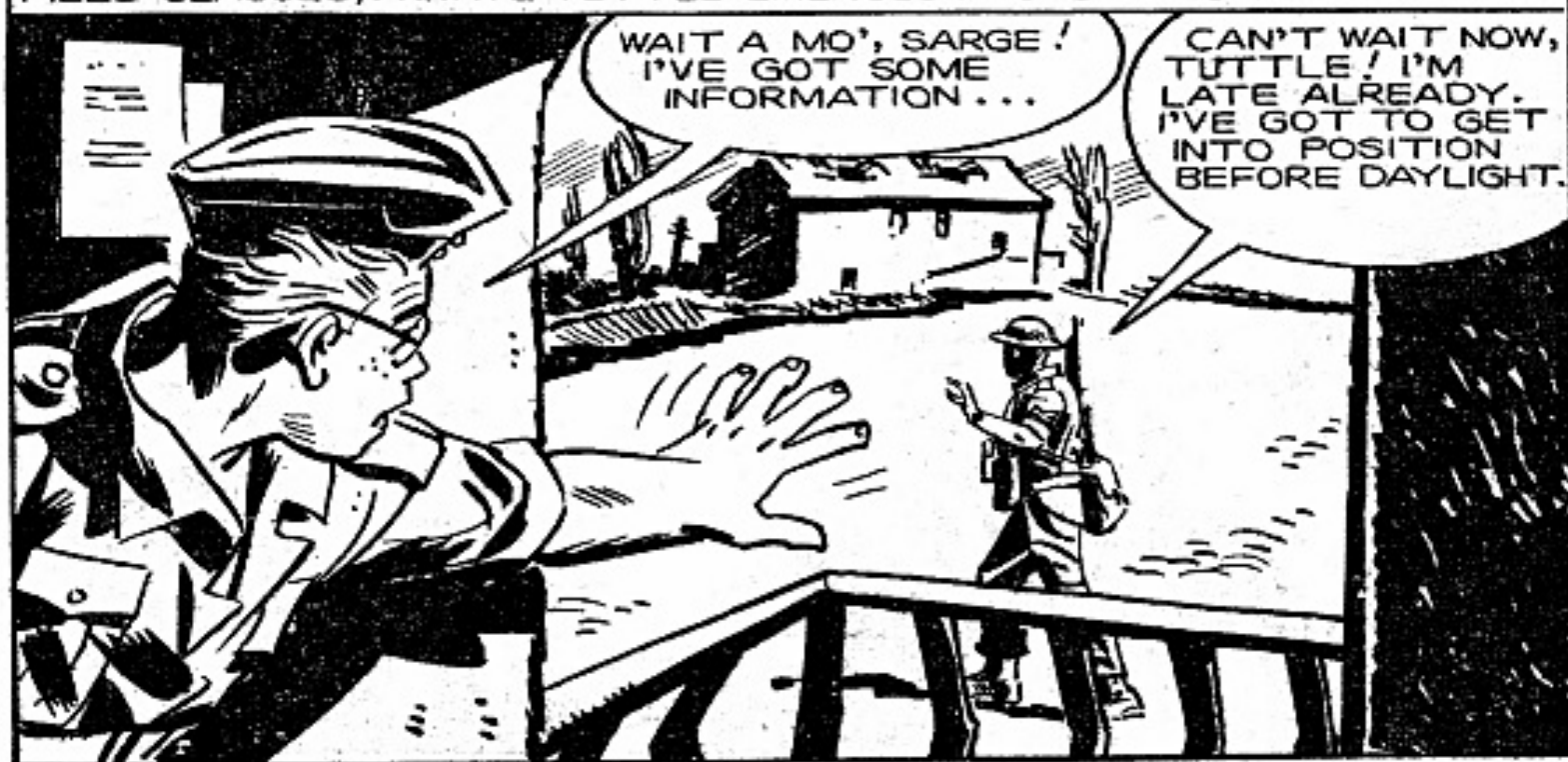


YOU TWO TOOK YOUR PLATOONS WHEN YOU WENT GLORY HUNTING -- SO THEY SHARE THE CREDIT. FOR ALL ANYONE KNOWS, **THEY** COULD HAVE BEEN THE HEROES. TOMORROW, I'M GOING TO HUNT DOWN THAT SNIPER WHO'S BEEN TROUBLING US -- ALONE. I'VE GOT CAPTAIN ADAMSON'S PERMISSION.



## Chapter 3. A Helping Hand

A LITTLE WHILE BEFORE DAWN, AS SERGEANT STACPOOLE LEFT BATTALION HEADQUARTERS WITH A SNIPER'S RIFLE, AMMUNITION, AND FIELD GLASSES, PRIVATE TUTTLE EMERGED AND CALLED AFTER HIM ...



WHEN TOFF REACHED THE FORWARD POST HELD BY "A" COMPANY, HE REPORTED TO LIEUTENANT GIBSON BEFORE HEADING OUT INTO NO MAN'S LAND.





NOT ONLY WAS SERGEANT STACPOOLE THE BATTALION CRACK SHOT HE HAD A HUNTER'S INSTINCT, TOO. AS HE MOVED THROUGH THE GRASS AND WEEDS TOWARDS THE CITY, HE FELT A THRILL OF EXCITEMENT SNAKING DOWN HIS SPINE.



BY THE TIME DAWN BROKE, HE WAS LYING WELL HIDDEN IN A WASTE OF RUBBLE, SEARCHING THE TERRAIN IN FRONT OF HIM WITH HIS POWERFUL GLASSES. SOON, HE HEARD THE VICIOUS, ISOLATED CRACK OF THE SNIPER'S RIFLE.



TO GET INTO A COMMANDING POSITION, THE SERGEANT CREPT ALONG TO THE SUGAR FACTORY AND WARILY CLIMBED UP INTO THE RUINS.



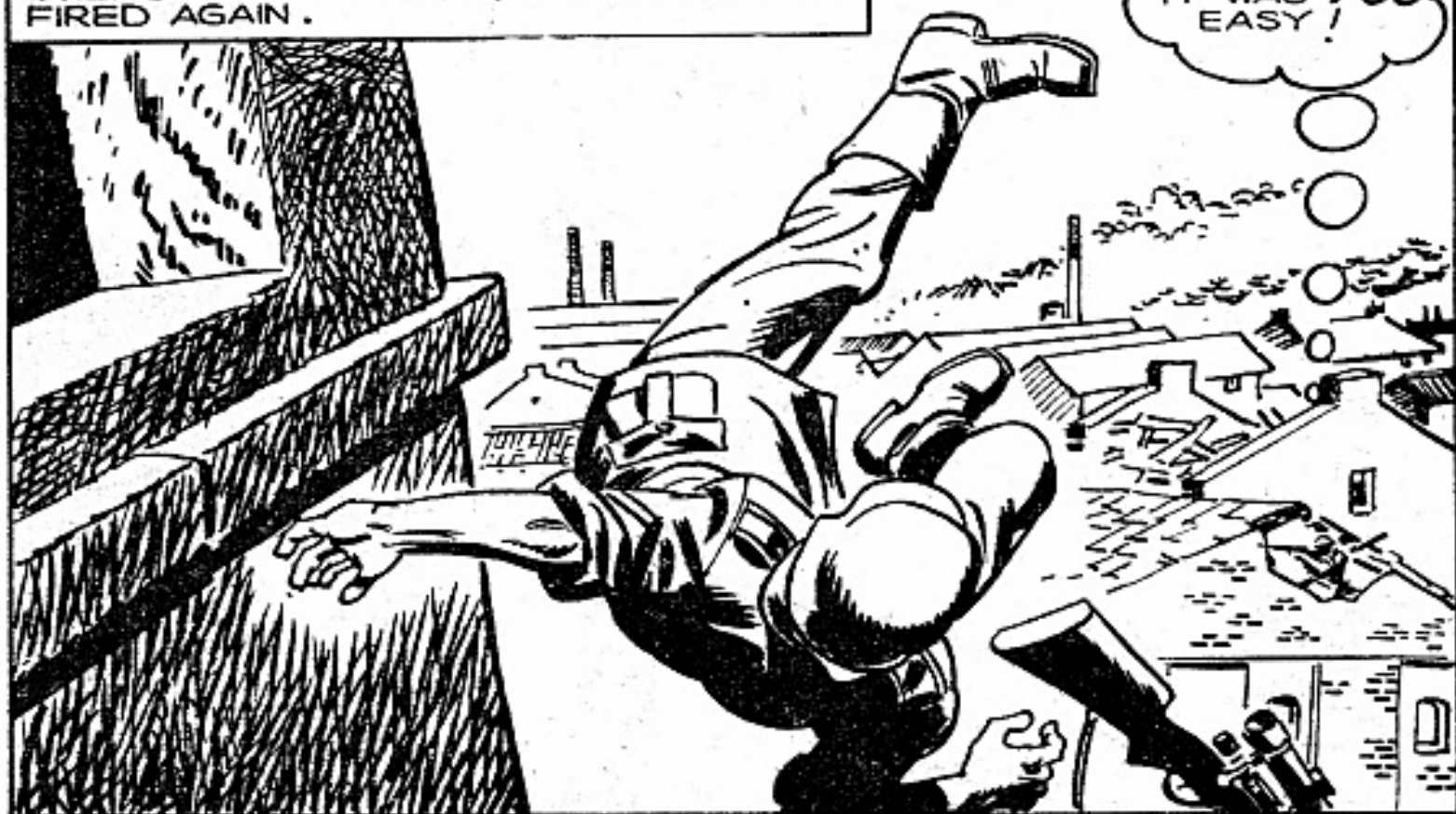
QUIETLY, COOLLY EFFICIENT, AS IF HE WERE ON THE RIFLE RANGE, TOFF TOOK STEADY AIM. THEN...





THE SNIPER GAVE A CONVULSIVE JERK AND CAME UPRIGHT. AS HE TEETERED THERE IN THE BELFRY, THE SERGEANT FIRED AGAIN.

GOT HIM!  
IT WAS TOO  
EASY!



LIKE A GREAT SHOT BIRD, THE GERMAN PLUMMETED DOWNWARDS, TOPPLING OVER AND OVER AS HE HURTTLED TOWARDS THE GROUND.



BUT THE SHOOTING HAD BEEN SEEN FROM THE ENEMY LINES ONLY FIVE HUNDRED YARDS AWAY...

I CAN SEE THE ENGLANDER! HE IS ON THE FACTORY ROOF. ACH! NOW THE SWINE HAS DISAPPEARED. BUT HE PROBABLY WILL NOT TRY TO GET BACK TO HIS OWN LINES UNTIL AFTER DARK. MUELLER, TAKE FIFTEEN MEN AND SURROUND THE FACTORY.

JAWOHL, HERR HAUPTMANN! HE WILL NOT GET AWAY!

THE GERMANS MOVED SWIFTLY, THE FELDWEBEL CLEVERLY KEEPING HIS MEN UNDER COVER AS THEY CLOSED IN ON THE FACTORY.





BUT ALREADY THE KEEN-EYED STACPOOLE HAD SPOTTED THE MOVEMENT. HE GOT IN ONE SNAPPED SHOT AS ONE OF THE GERMANS CAME MOMENTARILY INTO VIEW.



FROM THE GERMAN LINES CAME A STORM OF MACHINE GUN FIRE THAT SPANGED AND CRACKED ABOUT TOFF'S HEAD AS HE CROUCHED ON THE ROOF.

THEY'VE GOT ME LINED UP BY THE LOOK OF IT! BETTER GET OFF THIS ROOF--IT'S TOO EXPOSED.



WHEN HE REACHED THE GROUND FLOOR AND STARTED TO LEAVE THE BUILDING, A VICIOUS RATTLE OF SHOTS DROVE HIM BACK.

DARN IT! THEY'VE WORKED IN BEHIND ME! THAT MEANS THIS BUILDING IS SURROUNDED. WELL, THEY PROBABLY WON'T TRY TO RUSH ME TILL AFTER DARK. I'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL THEN...



BACK IN THE COMPANY LINES, CAPTAIN ADAMSON AND LIEUTENANT GIBSON HAD BEEN WATCHING THE INCIDENT THROUGH GLASSES -- AND SO HAD JOE GORMAN AND BADGER BARCROFT.

POOR OLD TOFF HAS HAD IT, BY THE LOOK OF IT!

YOU'VE SAID IT! THEY'RE ALL AROUND HIM!



BADGER AND JOE LOOKED AT EACH OTHER. BETWEEN THEM AND TOFF THERE HAD ALWAYS EXISTED A KEEN RIVALRY, BUT ALSO A STRONG BOND OF REAL FRIENDSHIP. IN AN ARMY THAT WAS MOSTLY AMATEUR THEY AND TOFF WERE PROFESSIONALS.

A PARTY OF THE RIGHT MEN COULD CLOBBER THOSE JERRIES AND GET TOFF OUT OF THERE.



JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING, JOE!

BUT CAPTAIN ADAMSON HAD ALREADY BEEN IN TOUCH WITH BATTALION H.Q., AND WHEN THE TWO SERGEANTS WENT TO HIM HE SHOOK HIS HEAD.

THE C.O. SAYS IT WOULD BE TOO COSTLY IN MEN TO MAKE A SMALL ATTACK AND IT'S AGAINST THE GENERAL STRATEGY TO MAKE A BIG ONE YET. I'M SORRY FOR STACPOOLE, BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT. HE'LL GET COVERING FIRE IF HE TRIES TO BREAK OUT, OF COURSE.





JOE AND BADGER WENT AWAY, DISAPPOINTED -- AND THEN CAME TO A BOLD DECISION.

RECKON IT'S UP TO US, BADGER! ON OUR OWN -- AND TO HECK WITH THE C.O. AND BATTALION HEADQUARTERS!

YOU TOOK THE VERY WORDS OUT OF ME MOUTH, MATE! WE'LL 'AVE TO SLIP OFF WHEN THE CAPTAIN AIN'T LOOKING.

FIVE MINUTES LATER, THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY...

WHAT ARE THOSE TWO MEN DOING? YOU THERE -- COME BACK! **SERGEANT GORMAN -- SERGEANT BARCROFT!**



JOE LED THE WAY, SLIPPING ALONG SILENTLY AND EASILY FOR SO BIG A MAN, AND KEEPING UNDER COVER ALL THE TIME. AT LAST HE RAISED HIS HAND AND SANK DOWN ...

JUST AHEAD!  
COUPLE OF  
MACHINE  
GUNNERS!

OKAY! LET'S  
CLOBBER 'EM! RED  
INDIAN FASHION!

INCH BY INCH, THEY WRIGGLED CLOSER TO THE UNSUSPECTING GUNNERS. THEN AS THEY LEAPT FORWARD, JOE'S SIZE TEN BOOT STUBBED AGAINST AN UNYIELDING BRICK. HE COULD NOT RESTRAIN A CRY OF PAIN ...

OOOOH!  
MY FLAMIN'  
TOE!

HIMMEL!  
ENGLANDERS!





THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE WAS LOST. BADGER TRIGGERED HIS TOMMY GUN AND THE TWO GERMANS SLUMPED TO THE GROUND.



INSTANTLY, A BURST OF SCHMEISSER FIRE RIPPED ABOUT THE SERGEANTS, FORCING THEM TO GROVEL IN THE DUST.



ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE SUGAR FACTORY, SERGEANT STACPOOLE HAD BEEN STARTLED BY THE CLOSE SHOOTING, WHICH WAS NOT AIMED AT HIM. THEN HE GAVE AN EXCLAMATION OF SURPRISE.

JOE AND BADGER, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE! WELL, WELL, WELL!



NOW TOFF SAW ONE OF THE GERMANS MOVING TO GET INTO A BETTER POSITION TO SHOOT AT JOE AND BADGER. HE TOOK A QUICK SHOT AND THE GERMAN DROPPED.

THAT'S YOU!







THIS WAS THE TWO SERGEANTS' CHANCE. AT TOP SPEED, THEY SPURTED FOR THE COVER OF THE SUGAR FACTORY.

COME ON!

ONCE INSIDE THE BUILDING, THEY HEARD TOFF'S SARDONIC VOICE FLOATING DOWN TO THEM ...



I'M UP HERE ON THE FIRST FLOOR. BUT WATCH OUT FOR THOSE STAIRS. THEY'RE SLIGHTLY DILAPIDATED. IF YOU BRING 'EM DOWN, I'LL BE IN TROUBLE!

WHEN THEY CREPT GINGERLY INTO THE ROOM WHERE TOFF STOOD AT THE WINDOW, HE BARELY GLANCED AT THEM.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU TWO CHAPS THINK YOU'RE DOING? TRYING TO GET IN ON THE ACT? STILL HOPING FOR PROMOTION, EH? YOU NEVER GIVE UP, DO YOU?



BADGER AND JOE GAPED AT TOFF IN OUTRAGED INDIGNATION.

LUMME! THERE'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU!

WE CAME TO RESCUE YOU!



RESCUE ME? I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO'S RESCUING WHOM? IF I HADN'T SHOT THAT JERRY JUST NOW HE WOULD PROBABLY HAVE GOT BOTH OF YOU! ANYHOW, I WAS DOING FINE OUT HERE UNTIL YOU CAME AND STIRRED THINGS UP.





JOE AND BADGER TRIED TO SPEAK, BUT FOR ONCE THEY WERE BEREFT OF WORDS.

YOU...  
YOU...

DON'T APOLOGISE! YOU MEANT WELL, AND I'M GRATEFUL. I ALWAYS JUDGE PEOPLE BY THEIR INTENTIONS. BUT THE QUESTION NOW IS...HOW DO WE GET BACK?



BEFORE THE OTHERS COULD REPLY, TWO MORTAR SHELLS CAME LOBBING OVER WITH A WHISTLE AND A CRASH. ONE LANDED AT THE FOOT OF THE FACTORY WALL AND BLEW A GAPING HOLE IN IT. THE OTHER EXPLODED ON THE ROOF AND BROUGHT PART OF THE CEILING DOWN...

SEE WHAT I MEAN? WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME, BECAUSE JERRY IS GOING TO BLOW THIS EDIFICE DOWN ABOUT OUR EARS!



CUT OUT THE BIG WORDS! WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUT, THAT'S ALL!

THEY WENT DOWN AND PEERED OUT OF THE DOORWAY, FLATTENING THEMSELVES AGAINST THE WALL...

WHEN WE STEP OUT THERE, CHAPS, IT'S GOING TO BE TOUCH AND GO WHETHER WE MAKE IT. PERSONALLY, I WOULDN'T LIKE TO WAGER MY PENSION ON OUR SURVIVAL. SO, JUST FOR THE RECORD, THANKS FOR COMING FOR ME!



WE'D BETTER AIM TO MAKE IT AS FAR AS THAT BACK YARD IN ONE RUSH.

IT HAD BETTER BE FLIPPIN' FAST!

FORTUNATELY FOR YOU BLOKES I'VE GOT MORE BRAINS THAN YOU 'AVE. I BROUGHT SOME SMOKE BOMBS WITH ME -- AND IT'S THIS SORT OF FORETHOUGHT THAT'S GOING TO MAKE ME SERGEANT-MAJOR!



BADGER TOSSED TWO OF THE GRENADES AND AS THE SMOKE BILLOWED OUT, THE THREE SERGEANTS MADE THEIR DASH.





A STORM OF FIRE WHIPPED THROUGH THE SMOKE, BUT IT WAS BLIND AND WILD. THEN THE SERGEANTS STUMBLED ON A FEW GERMANS AMONG THE RUBBLE AND SHOT THEIR WAY PAST THEM...



A MORTAR SHELL BURST ON TOP OF A BROKEN WALL AND BADGER COLLAPSED UNDER A SHOWER OF BRICKS AND RUBBLE.



BADGER'S BEEN HIT! COVER ME, JOE. I'LL TAKE HIM!

SERGEANT STACPOOLE PICKED BADGER UP AND HOISTED HIM ACROSS HIS SHOULDERS. THEN HE LUMBERED AFTER BIG JOE GORMAN THROUGH THE THINNING SMOKE.



THREE GERMANS ROSE UP FROM NOWHERE AND RAN TO HEAD OFF THE SERGEANTS. BUT BEFORE THEY HAD MOVED FIVE YARDS A BURST FROM JOE'S TOMMY GUN CUT THEIR LEGS FROM UNDER THEM...

THEY'D HAVE DONE BETTER TO STAY UNDER COVER!





AFTER THAT IT WAS EASY. AS SOON AS THE SERGEANTS REACHED THE OUTPOST LINE, THEY TOOK BADGER TO THE AID POST.



THE JERRIES KNOCKED A WALL DOWN ON TOP OF HIM.

HE'S ONLY CUT AND BRUISED.

HEAR THAT? NO USE YOU TRYING TO SWING THE LEAD, BADGER!

THEN CAPTAIN ADAMSON ARRIVED. WHEN HE SPOKE TO JOE AND BADGER, HIS VOICE HAD A HARSH EDGE.

SERGEANT GORMAN! SERGEANT BARCROFT! WHAT THE DEVIL D'YOU MEAN BY LEAVING THE LINE WITHOUT ORDERS? WHAT SORT OF EXAMPLE IS THAT FOR YOUR MEN?

WE COULDN'T LEAVE SERGEANT STACPOOLE IN GERMAN HANDS WITHOUT DOIN' SOMETHING TO 'ELP 'IM, SIR!



THE CAPTAIN'S EXPRESSION SOFTENED A LITTLE AND HE TURNED TO TOFF STACPOOLE.

YOU DID VERY WELL TO GET THAT SNIPER, SERGEANT. WE SAW THE WHOLE THING THROUGH GLASSES. GLAD YOU GOT BACK ALL RIGHT.



THANK YOU, SIR!

AFTER THE COMPANY COMMANDER HAD GONE, TOFF BEAMED AT JOE AND BADGER.

WELL, YOU SEE HOW IT IS, CHAPS! I'M THE GOLDEN-HAIRED BOY WITH CAPTAIN ADAMSON. THAT PRACTICALLY SETTLES THE ISSUE, I RECKON. YOU TWO BLOTTED YOUR COPYBOOKS WHEN YOU LEFT THE LINE AGAINST ORDERS!



IN HIS INDIGNATION, BADGER SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET, FORGETTING ALL ABOUT HIS HEAD INJURY.

STONE THE CROWS! WE ONLY LEFT THE LINE TO SAVE YOUR BLOOMIN' SKIN!

AND THIS IS ALL THE THANKS WE GET!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO ABOUT IT? WHEN I'M OFFERED THE C.S.M.'S CROWN I CAN'T TURN IT DOWN, CAN I?



THE NEXT DAY THE BATTALION WAS WITHDRAWN INTO RESERVE. THERE, AT LAST, PRIVATE TUTTLE FOUND THE CHANCE TO UNBURDEN HIMSELF OF THE NEWS THAT HAD BEEN BURSTING TO GET OUT.

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU SERGEANTS. THERE'S SOMETHING YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW...



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE WANT TO KNOW, LITTLE MAN: WHICH OF US IS GOING TO BE COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR?





JOE LET TUTTLE GO--AND THE LITTLE RUNNER SCUTTLED OFF. THERE WAS A LONG SILENCE, BROKEN AT LAST BY BADGER.



WELL, WHAT ABOUT THAT? WE DID ALL THOSE EXTRA STUNTS FOR NOTHING!

AND THEY'RE GIVING US MEDALS! *US!* GLORY HUNTERS, THAT'S WHAT WE ARE!

AND WE'VE STILL GOT THAT SO-AND-SO OF A COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR... PORKY PARKER!

AT THAT MOMENT, A FAMILIAR BAWLING VOICE BROUGHT THEIR HEADS WHIRLING ROUND.



ALL RIGHT, YOU THREE, STOP NATTERING AND SET AN EXAMPLE TO YOUR MEN! JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE WON MEDALS, YOU NEEDN'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A CUSHY LIFE--NOT WHILE *I'M* AROUND!



A WEEK LATER, THE BRIGADIER HIMSELF PRESENTED THE MEDALS. IT WAS JUST AS WELL THAT HE COULD NOT READ THE SERGEANTS' THOUGHTS!

WHAT USE IS A BLINKIN' MEDAL? A WEEK'S LEAVE WOULD BE MORE LIKE IT!

I EXPECT THE SILLY OLD BLIGHTER WILL MAKE A SPEECH!

WE'LL NEVER LIVE THIS DOWN!



© Fleetway Publications Ltd., 1963

Printed in England by Messrs. Percy Brothers Ltd., Manchester 1, and published each month by Fleetway Publications Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents: Australasia, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch Ltd. South Africa. Central News Agency Ltd. Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Messrs. Kingstons Ltd. WAR PICTURE LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price as shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade: or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

2/9/63

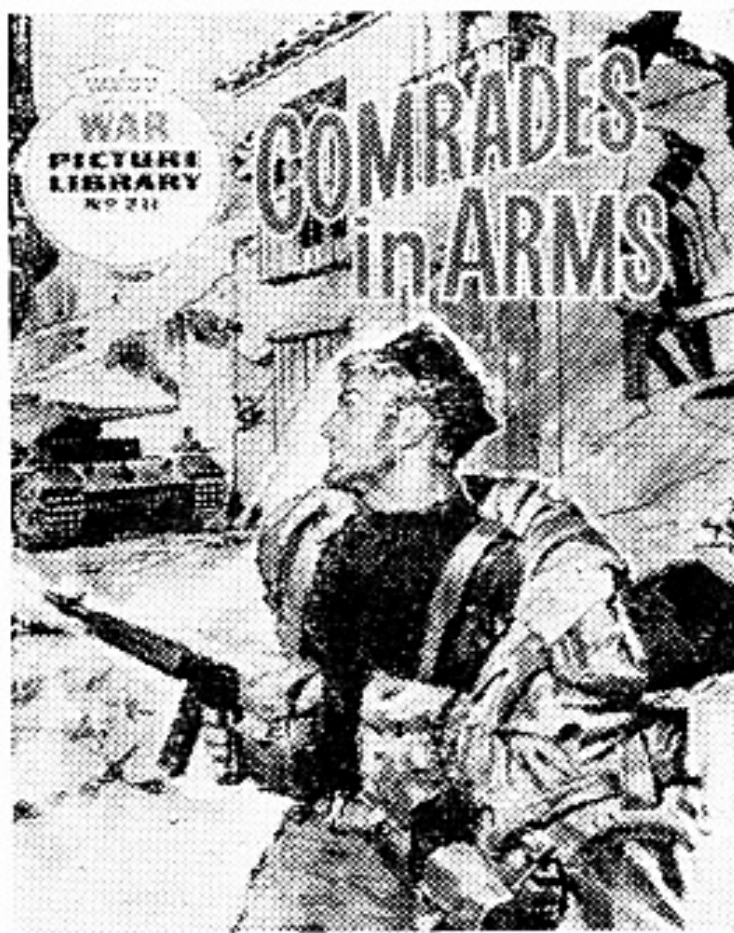
**ALSO ON SALE NOW**  
**FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .**

# **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY**

**No. 208—TAKEN BY STORM**



**No. 211—COMRADES IN ARMS**



They were the toughest of the tough.  
Men born to die in the holocaust  
of battle.

The rules of war are harsh—but a  
man must learn them to survive.

**ALSO ON SALE NOW :—**

**No. 209—DESERT DUEL**

Next month's **FOUR** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** issues, on sale  
7th October, are :—

**No. 212—SOUND THE ALARM**

**No. 214—ROUGH JUSTICE**

**No. 213—WHERE DANGER**

**No. 215—THE UNDEFEATED**

**STALKS**





# Show them you can become a husky he-man

**IN 7 DAYS—I'LL PROVE YOU  
CAN BE PROUD  
OF YOUR BODY!**

Don't let others take the "mickey" out of you because of your skinny build! Give me seven days and I'll prove that you'll add powerful **NEW MUSCLE** so fast your friends will gape with wonder! I don't dose or doctor you. And I've no use for weights and other contraptions that may strain your vital inner organs.

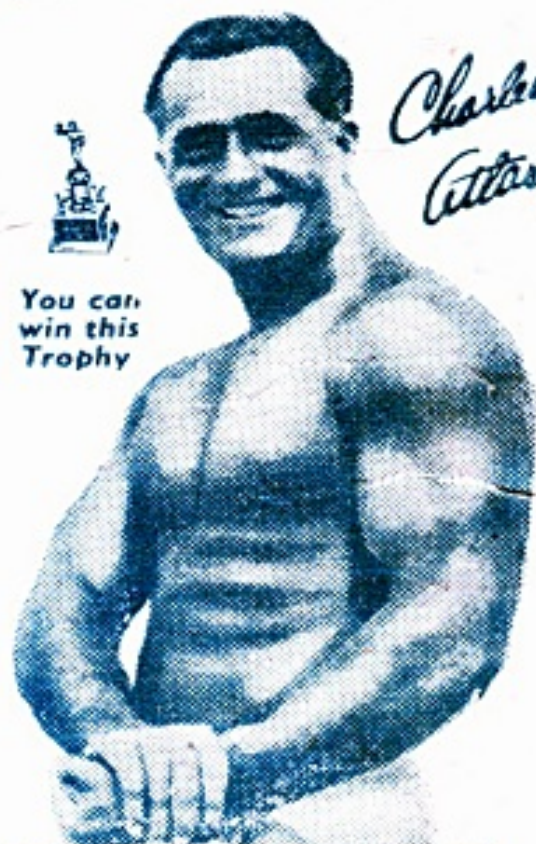
## "DYNAMIC-TENSION" DOES IT

All I want you to do is apply my famous "Dynamic-Tension" to the "sleeping" muscle power in your own body. In only 15 minutes a day you'll soon notice an amazing difference. Your shoulders begin to swell, you add inches to your chest, strengthen your back, give yourself a vice-like grip and mighty legs that never get tired! My free 32-page book tells all about "Dynamic-Tension"—the natural method which changed me from a skinny weakling to twice winner of the title: "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." It shows what I'll do for YOU! Post coupon at once to

Charles Atlas, Dept. 17-W Chitty St., W.I.



You can  
win this  
Trophy



**FREE!** my 32  
page book



**CHARLES ATLAS  
ON TV**

## SEND FOR MY FREE TRIAL OFFER

**HERE'S THE KIND OF  
BODY I WANT**

*(Check as many as  
you like)*

- ☐ A Deep Chest
- ☐ Big Arm Muscles
- ☐ Broad Shoulders
- ☐ Tireless Legs
- ☐ More Weight
- ☐ Magnetic Personality

**CHARLES ATLAS**

Dept. 17-W Chitty St., London, W.I.

Send me absolutely **FREE** a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can make me a new man and details of your amazing **7-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

NAME.....  
(Block Letters, Please)

ADDRESS.....

..... AGE.....